FRUITCAKE

VOLUME 2

Fruitcake

is a comic and humorous fiction magazine at UCSC dedicated to providing a space for students to express their diverse thoughts and experiences through the comic format.

This year we've received a beautiful array of comics and humorous fiction, focusing on topics ranging from the mundane (ie: a fish dying), to the political (ie: a lobster and a metaphor that not even the writer understands).

Editors

Armando Sueños, Lucy Ashton, Anneliese Hartling, Brandon Owens, Paul May, Kavya Aswadhati, Weston Gray, Alyssa Valdez

Vol. 2, Spring 2017

Comics are displayed through mediums ranging from line drawings, collages, embroidery, digital and mixed media formats, and even paintings.

We appreciate the comic format because of its malleability. Boundaries are pushed stylistically and aesthetically.

Some questions to consider:
What constitutes a 'good' drawing? How can the comic format be manipulated so that comic panels are collapsed onto one another within a single panel and still produce a narrative?

Is there a resistance to unintentional narratives? How can the placement of found images produce encouraged unintended narratives?

Contributors

Grace Ackles, Jay Are, Lucy Ashton, Kavya Aswadhati, Emelia Austin, Simone Barie, Caroline Brandt, Sofia Bundy, Zoe Carrell, Maddy Corich, Madison Crossman, Crystal Dawana, Miles Dawes, Arya Dee, Katherine Farrell, Davey Felix, Weston Gray, Anneliese Hartling, Amelia Horning, Robin Leiserowitz, Baby Loomer, Paul May, Amy Nagle, Benjamin Norton, Brandon Owens, Harmony Reynolds, Adam Saavedra, Kira Scott, Katie Silva-Grizzle, Cailynn Smethurst, Kaileen Smith, Armando Sueños, Claire Stoner, Luigi Villanueva, Nikhil Viswanathan

If you'd like to have your work in the next publication, please submit to:

fruitcakesc@gmail.com!
Like our fb page **(fruitcake at UCSC)**
and follow us on instagram **@fruitcakesc**

Robin Leiserowitz

Grace Ackles

HARMONET

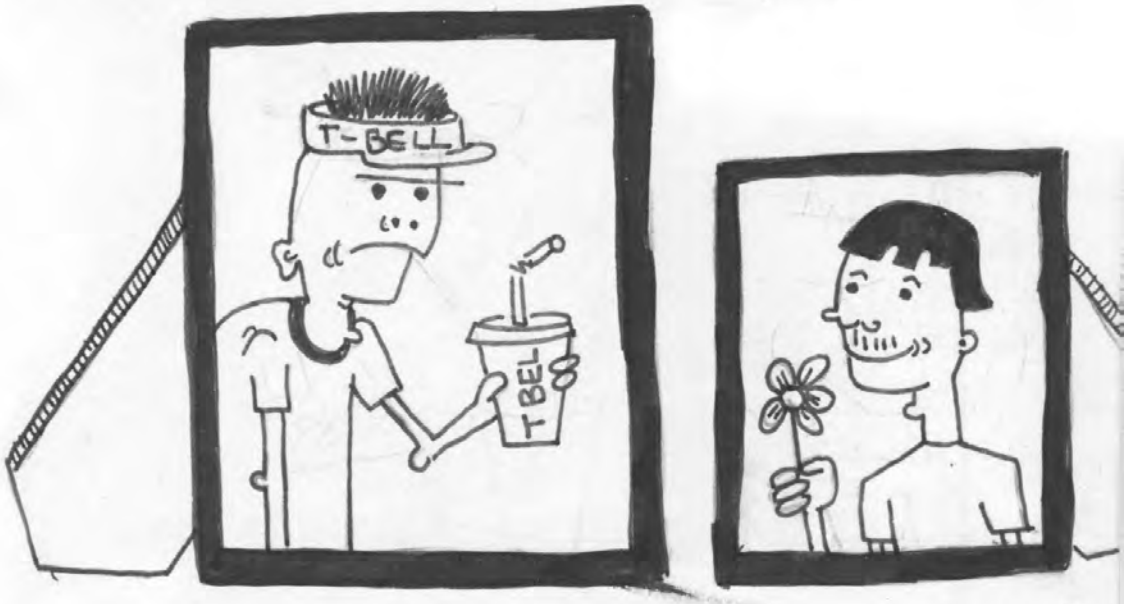
BY CRYSTAL DAWANA

Lunch Special...

By: Harmony R. (true story)

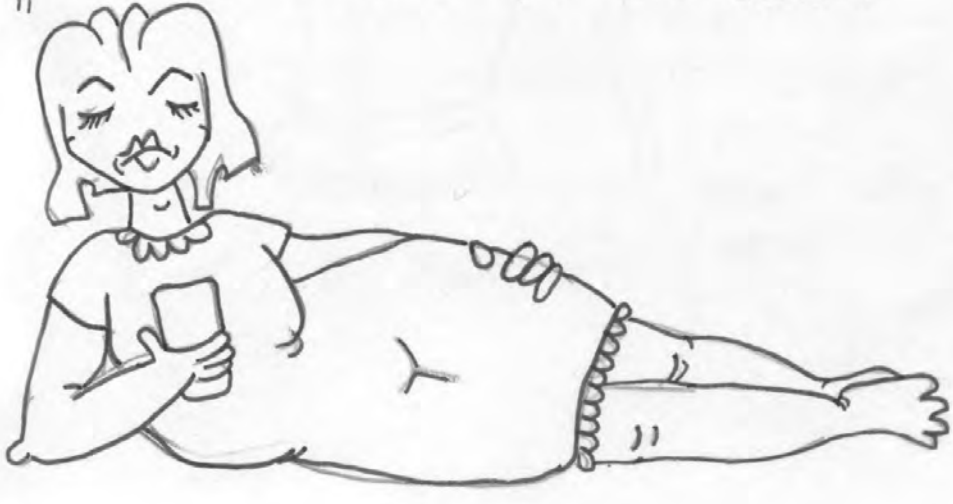
taco bell - m4m (lafayette/orinda/moraga)

"so i enjoy going to taco bell and seeing you there working through the drive through you provide great service... ..i would love to service you"



You texted "k" - w4w (berkeley)

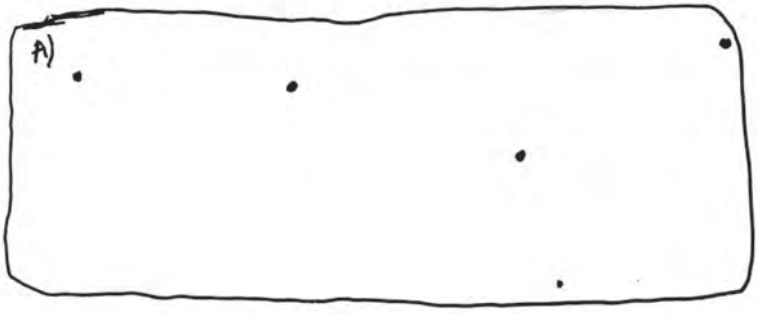
"Why have you been getting closer to me later just to text me "k" now? I was doing you a favor. So what's up? And don't say K."

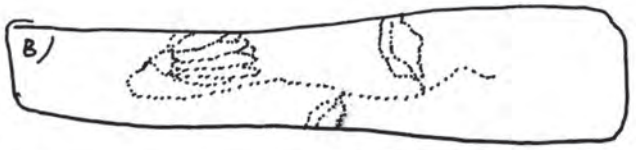


Fri night before NEW Y.Eve - w4m (santa cruz)

T.J.s We just kept looking at each other. You went out the back door, I went out the front. There must be more to this than inquiring looks. Let's find out. ~~tot~~ I will be there Friday at 5:00 and hope you show up. We are older. We should be wiser.

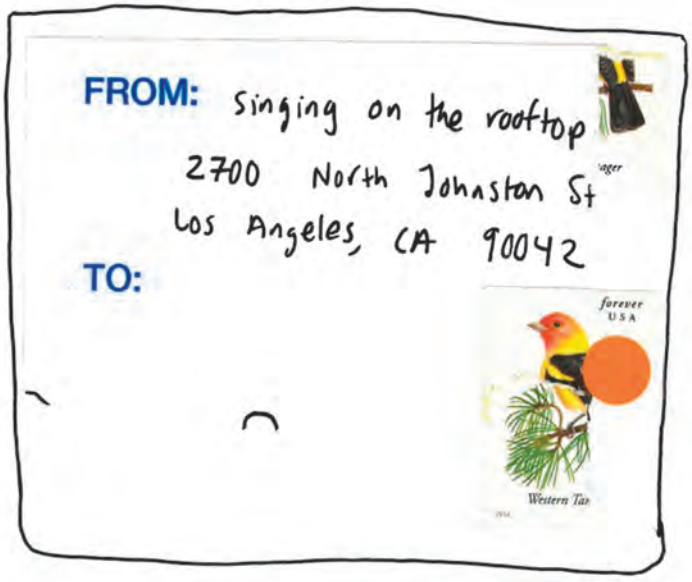
Kira Scott

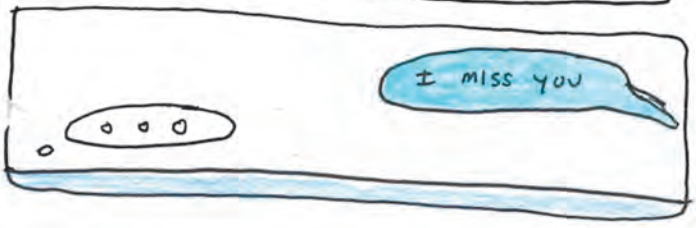




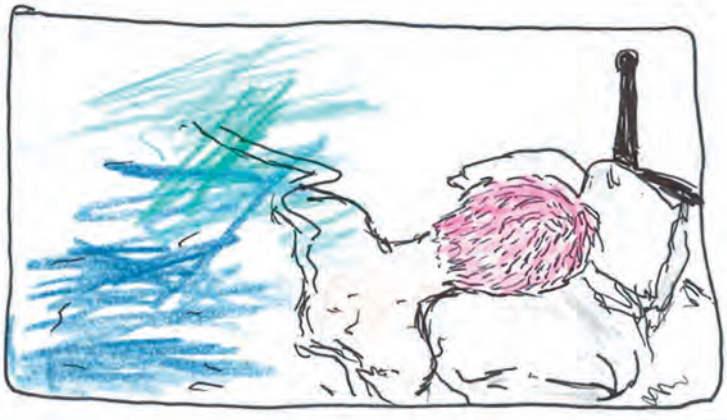
9. I have photographs of them in albums taken at instances in which I realized, '*this is only temporary*'.

Temporary, as in, lasting 'for only a limited period of time'. As in, 'permanent' is not the antonym of 'temporary'. As in, all past loves remain suspended in a period, permanently.

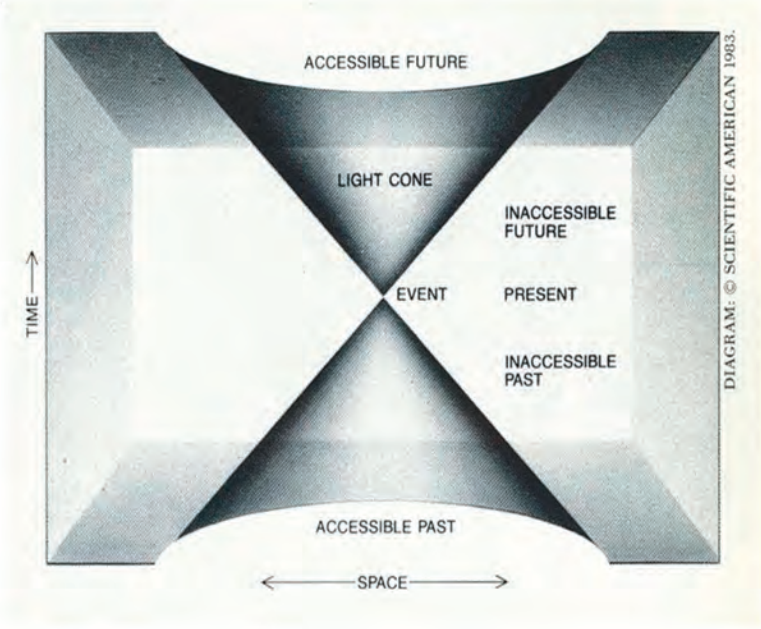




3. How modern is it to be a museum? To collect all the physical remnants of those that I have tried to love? To have them all within a house– [redacted] a photobooth photo and a blue cap and a postcard with his address written on it, that I never sent; [redacted] a script for a play I wrote to impress him, a National Geographic vinyl recording of whale sounds [redacted] a painting of them that I painted this past summer hanging on my wall, a small sculpture of a silver egg with feet, a shirt they gave me that [redacted] some books he let me borrow... I hope he doesn't mind, please don't ask for them back.



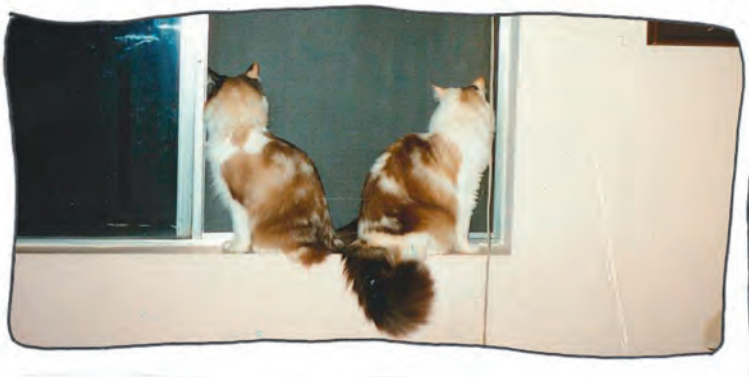
Anonymous



6. To date someone is to mark them to a time. The first person I ever dated was a boy named Brad. He was a twin and lived in Arkansas. I think I was fifteen. We had been following each other on Tumblr for a while. He messaged me one day and told me that I was his soulmate. I did not believe him.

Eventually, we exchanged numbers and we texted all the time. We skyped too, and messaged each other on tumblr.

I had daydreams about kissing him, and I would watch the videos he sent me of him walking along the river by his house on my flip phone as I walked along the river by my own house, and I remember crying at the beach. I remember taking a bus from downtown to venice beach and I remember crying as I held the sand.



1. If you must know, I've attempted to love too many times within a year.

2. If I love you –if I think I love you– I will immediately attempt to rid myself of myself onto you. Here, have a seat, have my teeth, have my rehearsed anecdotes, my restlessness.

5. The last time I had used the Messages app on my computer was this past summer, when my cracked phone fell into my cup of coffee as I was driving. I recently had to open my Messages app on my computer again because my phone screen had stopped working, and I found messages that I had deleted from my phone, dating back to November 2015.

In it I found the last message I had sent Riley on 1/5/16 at 5:46 pm:

day at work wasnt that bad and i hope you have a great life and i hope this message gives some finality to whatever was formed."

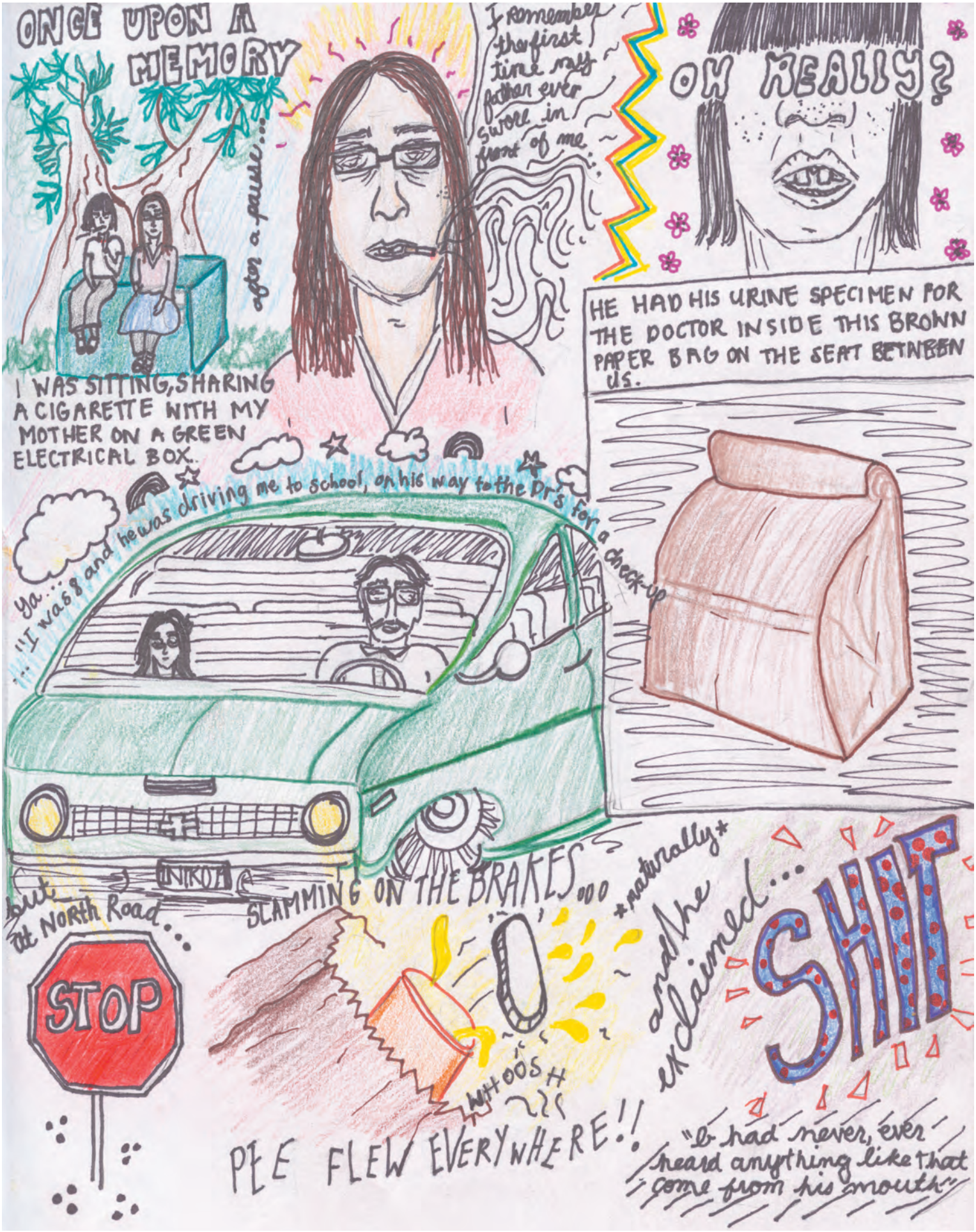
As well as the last conversation I had with [redacted] on 2/15/16 at 2:25am.

> *"Sorry this isnt a great time to talk but can we talk sometime this week please. I need to understand whats goin on or what isnt goin on... Im not sure im mainly in a space of uncertainty that i dont necessarily want to be in... This is what im thinking: a death devalues all other issues really rapidly. I hope your doing well. I hope the terrain you were pulled into is soft. Do you think of me. What are the power dynamics between this friendship. You insinuate intimacy. At least You have in the only instances. But you said you didnt like hugging the first time we talked. I hope the terrain you were pulled into is soft. You were the first person i literally slept with. Im so used to leaving, that the divide between intimacy and lack of intimacy has been stretched to where i dont understand it. Or leaves room for misinterpretation. I hope you're doing well.*

7. Every relationship, every date, every erotic experience or moment of contact I've ever had has been facilitated by technology. Craigslist, Skype, Tumblr, Instagram, Facebook, Grindr.

What does it mean to only be able to say that the only instances I've had of intimacy, that weren't facilitated by technology, were two: the first time I ever touched a penis[1]. and a time when a man I did not know fell asleep on my shoulder on the busride to Los Angeles?

[1] (he was older and was lost. he had asked me for directions, and i was fifteen. and he rode next to me on the bus. and when i got off, he got off too. it was dark by then. i remember running away afterwards and hiding in a front yard i did not recognize)


ONCE UPON A MEMORY
after a pause...
I WAS SITTING, SHARING A CIGARETTE WITH MY MOTHER ON A GREEN ELECTRICAL BOX.
I remember the first time my father ever swore in front of me...
OH REALLY?
HE HAD HIS URINE SPECIMEN FOR THE DOCTOR INSIDE THIS BROWN PAPER BAG ON THE SEAT BETWEEN US.
Ya... "I was 8 and he was driving me to school, on his way to the Dr's for a check-up
but at North Road...
SLAMMING ON THE BRAKES...
STOP
naturally
and he exclaimed...
SHIT
WHOOSH
PEE FLEW EVERYWHERE!!
"I had never, ever heard anything like that come from his mouth"

I WAS SHOCK mortified!
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT ALL I COULD DO WAS STARE OUT THE WINDOW WITH TEARS STREAMING FROM MY EYES
HEY! DO YOU WANNA KNOW A bad word
Do you remember Ryan from across the street?
YA
"WELL, WHEN I WAS SIX YEARS OLD HE AND THE CHAVEZ BOYS TOLD ME MY FIRST "SWEAR WORD"...
ya okay, I guess... (what is it?)
HA!
HA
LESBIAN!!
IT'S LIKE GAY BUT FOR GIRLS!
skirrrt skirrrrrrrr
HA!
HA
OOOOHHHHHH
IT WAS A STRANGE MOMENT...
THE END

LOBSTERS

By Benjamin Norton

Two lobsters are trapped in a metaphor. One has two beady black eyes and a pair of sharp red claws and the other is the most qualified person to ever run for president. It's getting dark, and they are the only two lobsters left in the tank.

Two parents, the only customers in the store, begin to fight over which lobster to choose for dinner, unwittingly trapping themselves in the metaphor.

Darling, says parent **#1**, let's pick the one on the right. Look at those antennae- they're quite large. Did you know lobsters in lobster tanks eat each other's antennae? So a pair of long uneaten antennae signify a nice, fresh lobster and boy, would you look at those.

Okay honey, but the one on the left has forty years of public service experience...

They started fighting and then I came into the market, right, and the parents were shouting and I came in like, hey, woah, I hate conflict, how about I just buy both these lobsters? Then we're all happy.

They told me I clearly wasn't getting the metaphor. I said, pff, I wrote the metaphor. But they're right, I don't get it.

I don't get how people believed Trump would actually be a man of the people.

In his winning tweet he claimed "the forgotten man and woman will never be forgotten again" and then he hit the 140 character limit and forgot the period at the end of his tweet, which is true.

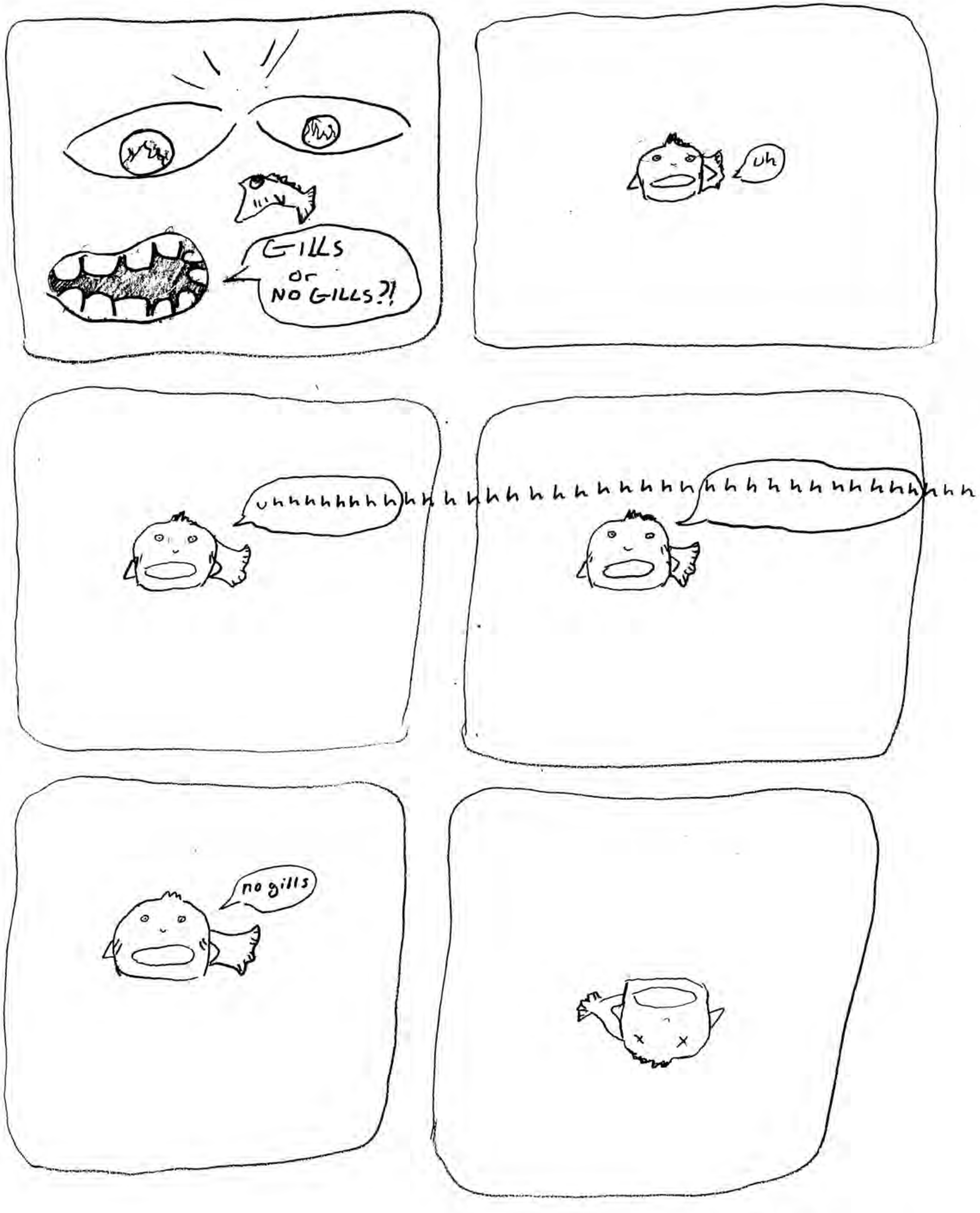
Your sentence didn't end, Donald. What aren't you saying, who are these forgotten people, are they all of us? Some of us? Any of us? You can't speak to the people who've been forgotten Donald because if you're speaking to them you haven't forgotten them, and to be honest I'm sure some people wish

they had the luxury of being forgotten by you. But why didn't you end your sentence? What secrets are you keeping below the dead fox on your head?

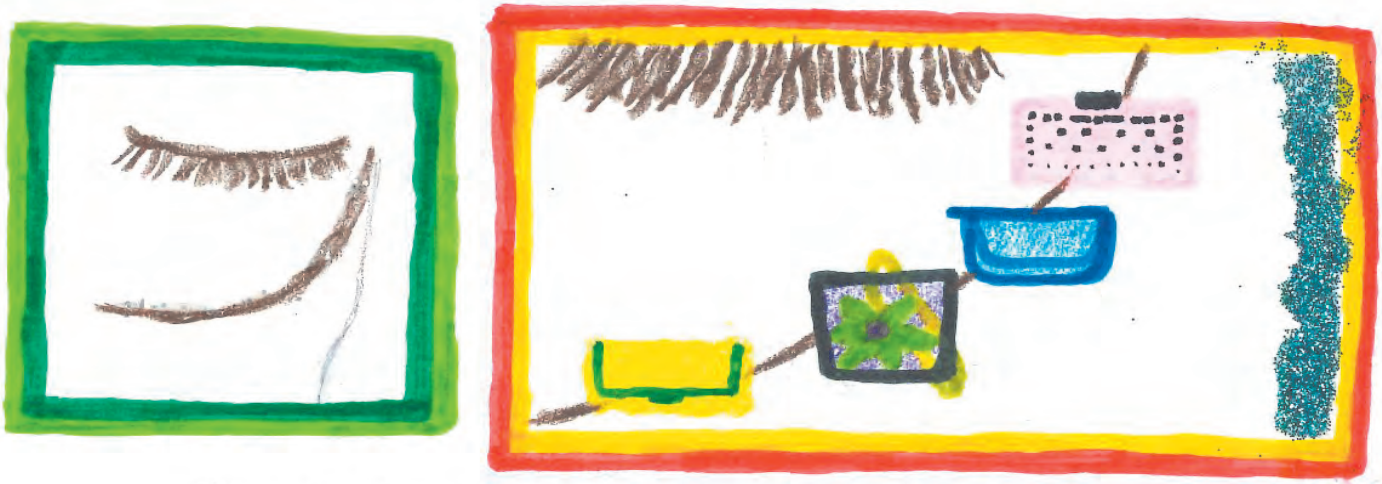
And you know what sucks, is that making fun of this guy is so easy. He is his own circus, safe in the invincibility of his performance, a living fact: you cannot ridicule the clown. So much has been said about this man, things that should have destroyed a person in the public eye for being so evil that even Satan can't jerk off to him. We all know it, right, there's nothing really left to be said about why this man is the worst thing to ever come out of a Cheeto factory. So what do we say?

I guess if you're talking to a room full of writers you tell them to write. It makes sense. We are supposed to write, aren't we, that's the thing to do isn't it, but my god if that doesn't feel like the saddest goddamn injunction to this great fucking travesty then I don't know what does. Write? Lobsters can't read. Nobody is listening. Everything that needs to be said has been said and by people better suited for it than me, we've had a year and a half of "here are all the ways Trump is truly hurting real, actual people," read the Toni Morrison, the Junot Diaz, read all the books that teach you how to respect people you don't understand, the good books, the necessary, beautiful books, and like, what the fuck, Ta-Nehisi Coates's Between the World and Me didn't save this country from Trump but I'm being told to write, fuck that, what's left to say but hey this wasn't my fault but I am so sorry, and hey this was my fault and I am so sorry, I am not to blame and I am not blameless, but I don't want to write, I want my friends to not feel nauseous for a week after the president is elected, I want my friends to feel safe and to be able to stop their hands from shaking, I want my friends to feel like they can breathe, and I want to learn how to love the people that voted for hate because I know this is their moment and I'd hate for them to be forgotten.

You can't speak to the people who've been forgotten. You can't show them what they've done.



by Brandon Owens

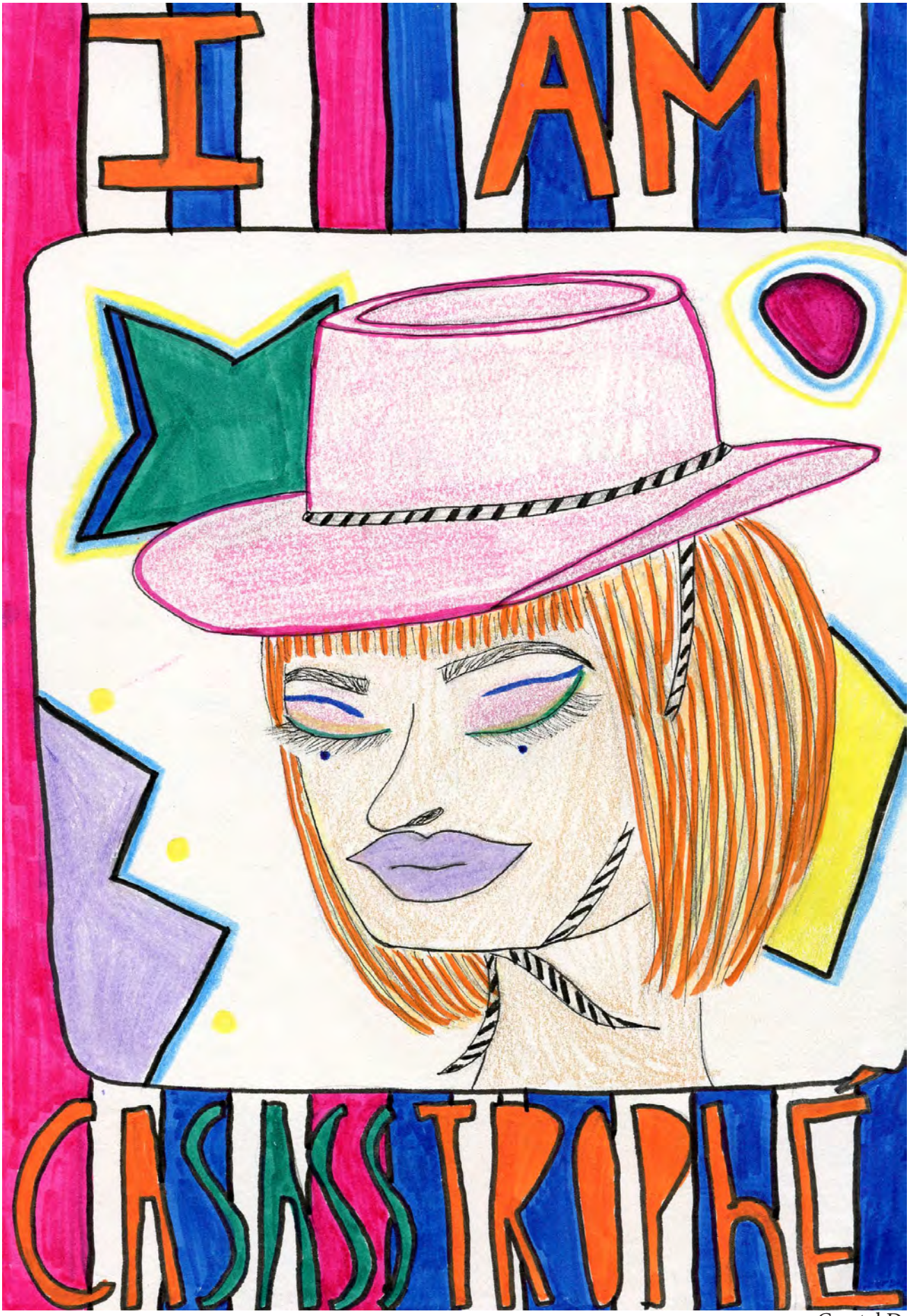


Eye bags : accessorize everyday

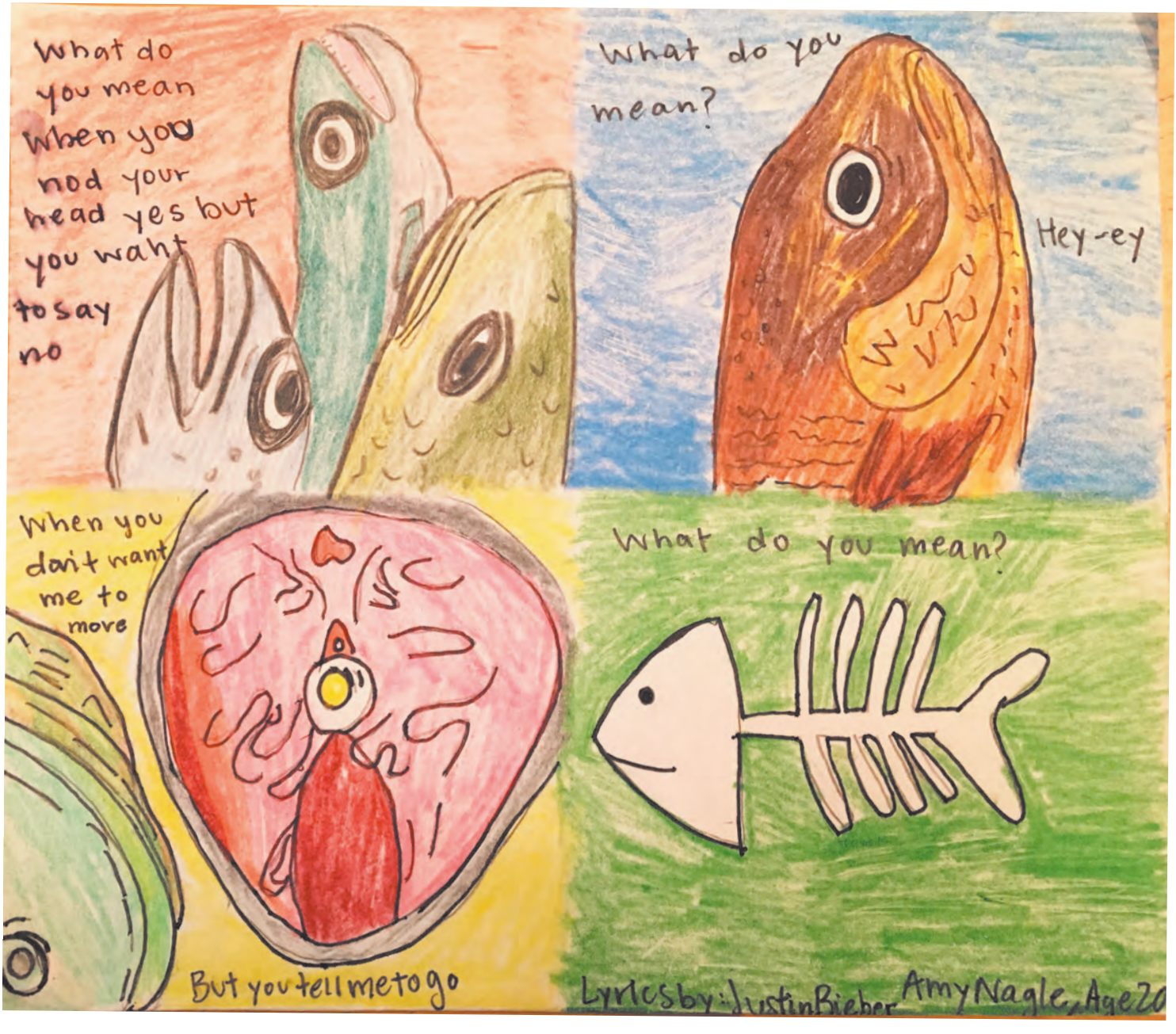
Amelia Horning

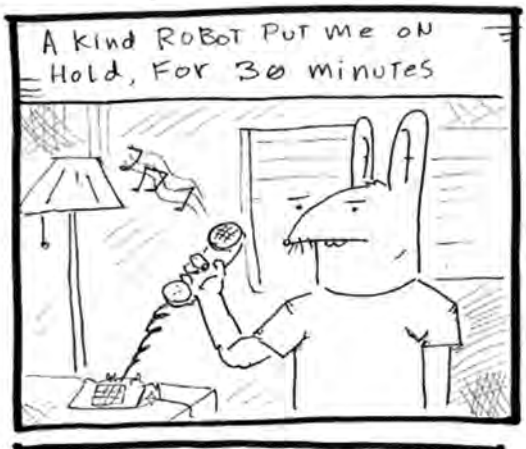
Grace Ackles

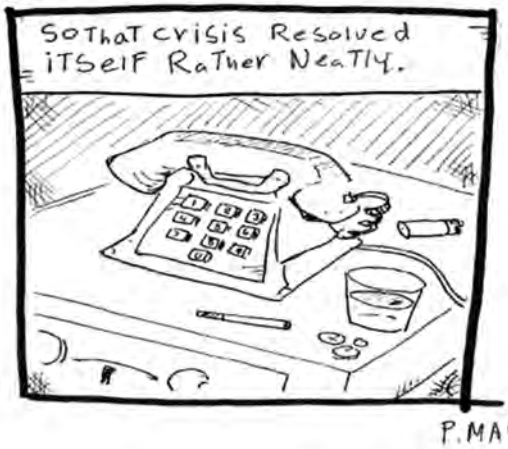
Simone Barie



Crystal Dawana

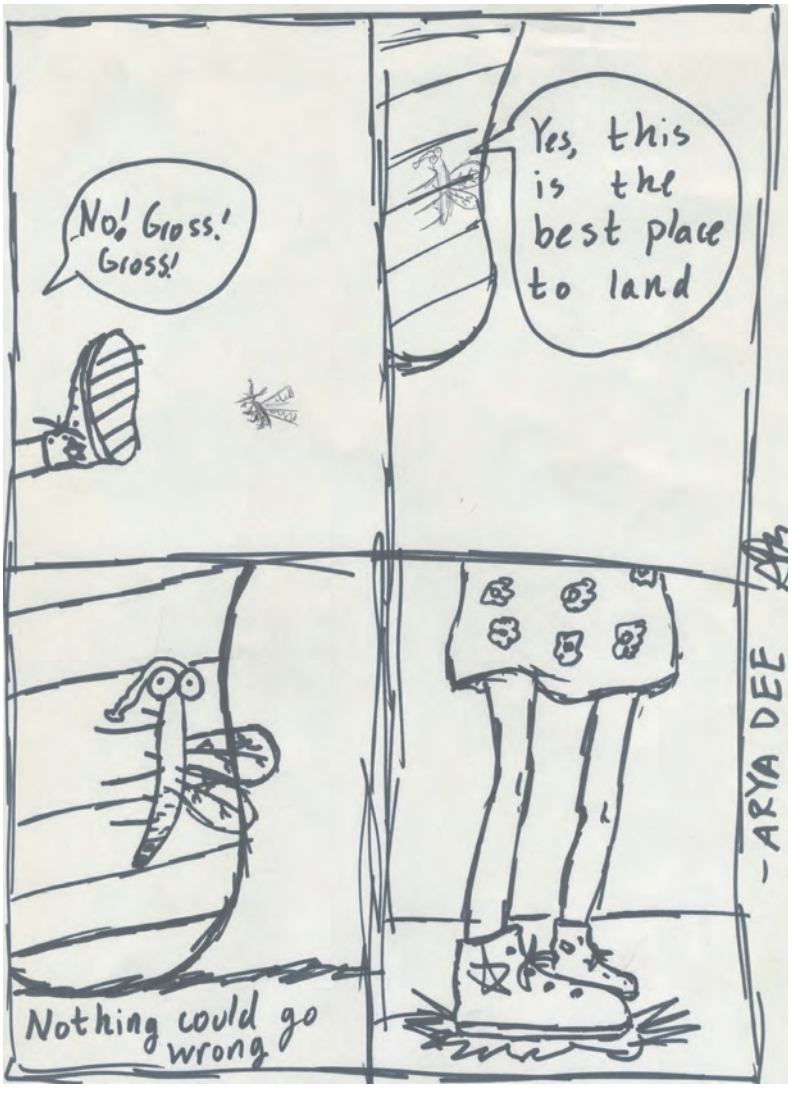

What do you mean when you nod your head yes but you want to say no
What do you mean?
Hey-ey
When you don't want me to move
What do you mean?
But you tell me to go
Lyrics by: Justin Bieber
Amy Nagle, Age 20





P. MAY

Luigi Villanueva



Katie Silva-Grizzle

A Big Wet Kiss

BY: Caroline Brandt